BATTERY WAGNER.

Judge Twiggs's Description of the Memorable Fight.

From the Savannah News, March 2.

The address of Judge H. D. D. Twiggs to the Confederate Veterans at the Guards' Hall last night, upon the "Assault upon Battery Wagner," was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, which was frequently aroused to enthusiasm by the eloquent flights and glowing word pictures of the speaker.

Judge Twiggs was introduced by Judge Falligant, who was in a more than usual happy mood, and whose remarks were loudly applauded. Gen. P. McGlashan, first vice president of the Confederate Veterans' Association, presided at the meeting.

Judge Twiggs began his address with a description of the defences around Charleston, and the position of the opposing forces, the Federal forces besieging Charleston, the harbor of which was defended by Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Gregg, Battery Wagner and other fortifications. The battery was a very strong earthwork, located on the upper end of Morris Island, the work having been constructed under the direction of the best engineers of the Confederacy. There was considerable preliminary fighting leading up to the main attack. The Federals had constructed batteries under the direction of Gen. Gilmore on the other end of Morris Island and were preparing to make things decidedly uncomfortable for the Confederates. An attack on the fort on July 11 was repulsed with severe loss to the Federals. Col. Charles H. Olmstead and the Savannah troops participated in the defence on that occasion.

Gen. W. E. Taliaferro, of Virginia, whose death was recorded in yesterday's *Morning News*, was in command of the fort, and Judge Twiggs spoke feelingly of his old commander. He was assistant inspector general on the staff, of which Lieut. Henry C. Cunningham and Dr. Joseph Clay Habersham, of Savannah, were also members.

Besides the batteries which Gen. Gilmore had constructed on the island, the enemy had a number of monitors and gunboats in the river, which daily shelled the fort, and made things as unpleasant as possible for the Confederates. The garrison was composed of less than 1,500 men from North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Opposing them were the enemy with over 6,000 men; forty-two large siege guns in their four land batteries, and a number of 8, 10, 12 and 15-inch guns on their monitors.

The day was one which he will never forget, Judge Twiggs said. Early in the morning he breakfasted with Dr. Harper, of Augusta, one of the surgeons, their breakfast consisting of hard crackers and butter, the latter being considered a treat. Their meal was interrupted by a Parrott shell, which buried itself in the earth outside the door and then exploded, throwing up a large amount of earth and filling the pail containing the butter with sand. It was the beginning of the bombardment. They foresaw that the fort was to be assailed by the entire land and naval force of the enemy. The whole seventy guns of the enemy opened, and for eleven hours the air was filled with shot and shell of every description. The Confederates replied as best they could, but their armament was far inferior to that of the enemy, and many of their guns were soon disabled. The infantry resorted to the bomb-proofs, the roofs of which were almost torn away by the constant explosions of the sheels which fell within the fort. The wooden buildings in the fort, which had been used for officers' quarters and medical supplies, were torn into splinters. It was a hot July day, and the men in the bomb-proofs were most uncomfortable. Gaillard's battalion, from Charleston, preferred to remain on the outside, sheltered under the wall of the parapet.

The blazing July sun was obscured by the clouds of smoke from the bursting shells. The fort shook like a ship in the grasp of a storm. All the heavy guns on the sea face of the fort were soon disabled, and but for the bomb-proofs and the parapets the garrison would soon have been annihilated. The halliards were cut by the shot and the garrison flag fell. A score of men ran for it at once. Four officers seized hold of it, carried it back to the parapet and ran it up again. This occupied some little time. Capt. Robert Barnwell, seeing that the flag had fallen, seized a regimental battle flag, and, rushing out upon the ramparts, held it there while the garrison colors were replaced. The scene of Sergt. Jasper's exploit at Fort Moultrie was in full view of this scene. "There was one Jasper at Moultrie," said Judge Twiggs. "There were a score at Wagner."

Thousands of people at the Battery and on the housetops at Charleston watched the bombardment with eager interest. When the garrison flag fell their hearts fell with it, for they feared the garrison had surrendered. When the flag was replaced a shout went up from thousands of throats, and thousands of women waved their handkerchiefs towards the men in the fort.

Judge Twiggs's remarks upon the sentiment attaching to a flag of one's country aroused great applause. "Had the Confederate States," he said, "adhered to the Stars and Stripes thousands would have flocked to their cause who remained away, and other thousands would have refused to fight against it. The Stars and Stripes are again the flag of a united country. Long may it wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave. It is the symbol of a union that will never be surrendered. The people of the South are as loyal to that flag to-day as are those who live to the northward."

There was further applause when the speaker alluded to Fitzhugh Lee, who fought so well under the Stars and Bars, now nobly upholding the honor of the Stars and Stripes at Havana. This was followed by an eloquent panegyric upon the Confederate banner.

As the sun was sinking in the west the bombardment ceased, to the great relief of the garrison. The ominous pause was well understood, however. The supreme moment had arrived. Having failed to reduce the fort by bombardment the enemy's entire force was to be hurled against it. The assault was about to take place. Gen. Taliaferro had wiseley taken the precaution early in the bombardment of removing the smaller guns out of the way of the enemy's shells. They were promptly remounted, and the ramparts manned, and the whole sea and land face of the fort was lined with glittering steel.

The enemy evidently supposed the fort to have been practically destroyed by the bombardment, and they would meet with but little resistance. While the fort had been battered beyond recognition almost and the heavy guns disabled, the garrison was still in good shape and in good spirits. The Federal column was 6,000 strong, under command of Gen. Seymour. It consisted of three brigades from the 10th and 13th army corps. The column moved forward in regimental front, led by the 54th Massachusetts, a negro regiment, commanded by Col. Robert G. Shaw. The Federals were ordered to use the bayonet only. Not a shot was fired from either side as the column advanced. There was an oppressive silence, and the rays of the setting sun danced and shimmered along the lines of bayonets. The Federals were in a short distance of the fort when they gave a cheer and rushed upon it. Immediately a dead fire crashed forth. The fort was lit with flame from bastion to bastion. The 1,500 rifles and the artillery poured in a withering flame at short range. The Federal troops came gallantly on, beating against the fort like the waves of the sea. There was a harvest of death and men fell like ripe grain before the sickle. The enemy pushed gallantly on. Hundreds crossed the ditch at the base of the fort and many leaped the parapet to be transfixed with bayonets or hurled below by the defenders. Owing to the failure of the Federal commander to allow for the proximity of the creek near the fort the attacking force was crowded together on a narrow strip of land between the creek and the fort. This resulted in confusion and the crowded masses offered splended opportunity to the men in the fort, thus greatly augmenting the loss. The 54th Massachusetts broke and fled, breaking the columns of the regiment behind it and the entire brigade rushed to the rear completely routed.

Gen Seymour then ordered Col. Putman to advance to the attack with his brigade, but he refused to do so, saying that he had been ordered to remain where he was by Gen. Gilmore. Afterwards, however, he gallantly led forward his brigade without orders. They were received with terrible fire, but crossed the ditch, entered the fort by the southeast bastion and poured into the parapet. Another brigade was ordered to advance, but Gen. Seymour was shot down after giving the order. He repeated the order as he was being borne from the field, but it was not obeyed. A number of Putnam's men had found refuge under the parapet, where they defended themselves while awaiting assistance. Seeing that no aid was in prospect, Putnam leaped upon the parapet, followed by his officers, and called upon his men to hold their position to the last. He was shot down. He was as brave and gallant a man, said the speaker, as ever marched beneath the Stars and Stripes. His brigade was repulsed, and a terrible fire poured into it as it retreated. The men intrenched in the bastion refused to surrender, however, and poured a destructive fire upon the defenders of the fort. Volunteers were called upon to dislodge them, and several gallant officers lost their lives in leading the attack. Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood fortunately arrived from Charleston with his regiment at this time, and the men in the bastion, seeing they were overpowered, surrendered.

The loss in the battle, Judge Twiggs said, was unprecedented in the history of the war for the number engaged. The whole area in front of the fort was strewn with dead and dying. Gen. Beauregard estimated the Federal loss at 3,000. There were 800 buried in front of the fort the next morning. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was 175.

Battery Wagner, Judge Twiggs said, was never captured, but was abandoned by the Confederates several months later, on account of the near approach of Gilmore's engineering operations. He closed with some reflections upon the results of the war.

"As one of the survivers of that conflict," he said, "I still believe the cause to be just. And yet the people of the North call us rebels. I do not understand exactly what they mean by the word 'rebel.' Was Robert E. Lee a rebel? If so George Washington was a most illustrious rebel. Unsuccessful revolution, it seems, is termed rebellion. Successful revolution is termed patriotism. There is no sting left in the soldier heart of the South towards the men who fought for the North. The God of battles directed the movements of the war and made this Union of States indissoluble. We have freely forgiven the boys who wore the blue, the more so as time has them, like ourselves, now wearers of the gray."

At the close of the address a rising vote of thanks was tendered Judge Twiggs for his eloquent effort. The address will be printed with other addresses of the year in the annual publication of the Confederate Veterans' Association.

How to "Look Indian."

When you drop a small object on the floor "look Indian," and you're sure to find it. Here is the modus operandi: Somebody dropped a stickpin in the hall the other day, and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low and on her hands and knees, and with a candle specially procured for the purpose, but it was no use; the pin was very tiny and unperceivable, its value being that of association rather than size or brilliancy. The somebody, after a final shake of the rugs, was just about to give it up forever, when one of the children chanced to come along. "Why don't you look 'Indian' for it?" he asked. Before the somebody knew what was meant, down dropped the youngster on the floor, his head and his whole body lying sidewise and just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor. "I have it," he shouted presently, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor, in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stickpin. The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between one's self and the horizon. "They do it on the plains all the time," he said. "That's why they can always tell who's coming. But it works in houses just as well as on the plains. Why, we never lose anything in the nursery nowadays; we just 'look Indian' and find it right off."—*Boston Transcript.*

— "What is the trouble, Maggie? You look worried." "Sure, and the trouble is with the twins, mum. One of them is cryin' because he swallowed his rattle, and the other is howlin' out of sympathy, and betwixt the two of them bawlin', I can't tell which swallowed the rattle."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Bread Without Flour.

The German process of making bread direct from the whole wheat, dispensing entirely with the milling process, has already been described in these columns. This process has been adopted in Italy to some extent, where it was received with so much favor that the bakers were compelled to cut prices to meet the new competition.

It is known as the "anti-spire" method. It is made directly from the wheat, and a great saving in the cost of manufacture is credited to it. After the wheat has been thoroughly sifted and cleaned it is subjected to a bath in tepid water for several hours. When it has thus been soaked it is poured into a machine, which reduces it to a homogenous paste. This machine is composed of a double line of thin spirals working in opposite directions. By these spirals the softened wheat seeds are well kneaded. At the end of the spirals is a double cylinder which receives the paste and makes it still more compact and ready for shaping into loaves and baking.

The quality of the bread made by the new process is variously estimated. Excellent judges and unprejudiced practical bakers admit its excellence, and say that any taste can be suited by having due regard to the leavening, manipulation and treatment in the oven. Italian experts who have investigated the matter express themselves favorably upon its digestive proprieties and pronounce it most nourishing. In color the "anti-spire" bread is very brown; its odor is agreeable and taste quite palatable. A cardinal virtue claimed for it is that it never gets mouldy and will remain "fresh" for days.

The bakery at Rome charges three cents a pound for "anti-spire" bread, thirty centimes per kilogramme (two pounds)—but when the establishment is opened in the morning at 8 o'clock workingmen may buy it for two centimes per kilogramme cheaper.

So serious has the bread question become in Italy that many cities have suspended the local tax on bread and bread stuffs, the Milan authorities having arranged with the local bakers to reduce the price of bread to thirty-two centimes per kilogramme. At Leghorn such are the necessities of the poor that pality to all who ask for it. The applicants must, however, present themselves at designated bureaus at certain hours and are not allowed to take the bread away with them: they must eat it in the premises without meat, cheese, vegetables or condiment.—*Philadelphia Record.*

— One good way to keep things moving and to lessen the talk of hard times is for every man to pay his debts so far as possible. Be honest in the matter, and don't say you cannot pay when you have not tried to do so. You pay and somebody else will thereby be enabled to pay.

Mortgages her Home to Buy Back a Confiscated Mule.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 3.—A touching chapter in the history of the dispensary law was enacted here to today. A week or more ago as a dispensary constable was driving along the road between this city and Reedy River factory, he met an old man in a wagon with his two daughters, one a widow with two children. The wagon was searched and about four gallons of whiskey were found. The constable brought the occupants of the wagon to town and a charge of transporting was lodged against the old man, Dan Ballew. It was a cold, windy day and as the old mule pulled the wagon slowly into town the women and children looked half frozen in their thin and scanty garments. The party was moving from Reedy River factory, where some of them had been working in the cotton mill, back to the old home near Glassy mountain in the upper part of the county. They were allowed to take their team, which was by law confiscated to the State, on promising to return it, which they did. The wagon and mule has since been in a stable in this city waiting for the day of sale. Today the wife of old Ballew and her widowed daughters came to town, making the trip of 20 miles, by starting early in the morning. As they sat by the fire in the sheriff's office in their faded cloaks and brown sunbonnets, it was a good subject for a character sketch. By special request of the women, who had come instead of Ballew, who is a partial invalid, Constable LaFar agreed to sell the mule and wagon today so that they might have a chance to bid them in. The women then went out to mortgage their little farm and raise the money to buy back the team.

They told a pitiful story of their condition and the old man's affliction. Constable LaFar expressed to them in a gentlemanly way his sympathy, but at the same time said he would have to do his duty in carrying out the law and the team, the only one they possessed, must be sold at auction.

The daughter is the widow of one of the Howard boys who was killed some years ago at Mountain church in one of the Sunday duels, which have written the history of that section in characters of blood. They are more intelligent than many of their neighbors and talked grammatically but with the peculiar intonations and gestures of the mountain people.

The wagon and mule were put up at auction and were bid in by Mrs. Ballew for $29.25. The officers representing the State were the only other bidders.—*The State.*

— He—"Nearly all the misers reported in the papers, I notice, are single men." She—"Oh, yes, of course. Married misers are too common to be worth mentioning."